

# The Quincy Union.

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W. W. KELLOGG.

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OLD TYPE METAL  
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At the Quincy Union Office.

WE have a large quantity of OLD TYPE MET-

AL, suitable for the bearings of Quartz and

other MIN Machinery, which we will sell in quan-

tities to our purchasers.

14-45m.

# Quincy Union.

"Independent in all Things... Neutral in Nothing."

VOL. 4. QUINCY, PLUMAS CO., CAL., SATURDAY, MAR. 10, 1866. NO. 19.

# The Quincy Union.

All Letters relating to the business affairs of  
the paper should be addressed to the Publisher.

## TO SUBSCRIBERS.

No paper will be forwarded from this office unless  
the subscription is paid in advance. All papers  
discontinued when the subscription ceases. The  
rules will be strictly enforced.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

Our friends everywhere, no man at any time  
having more of the spirit of local importance,  
accidents, accidents, mining news, doings of public  
meetings, improvements, epidemics, etc., would  
confer a favor upon us and our readers generally  
by sending notices of the same to this office. Give  
us facts in any shape, and we will take care of them.

## The Rat.

No other animal is placed in  
circumstances which tend so continually to  
sharp the wit as the rat, nor does any other  
appear to be of a more impudent nature. He  
is of a most intelligent family, being related  
to the beaver. And in civilized countries he  
is not a wild creature, for he follows the pro-  
gress of civilization, and adopts his own hab-  
its of life in it, so as to avail himself of its  
benefits. The "pampered goat," who in  
Pop's "Fables," refers to the pig, and says  
that man was made for the use of plucking him  
and ignorant of the rites that are celebrated in old-  
fashioned families on St. Michael's day. But  
the rat might, with more apparent reason,  
make such an assertion. He is not mistaken  
in thinking that corn-stocks are as much for  
his use as the farmer's; that barns and gran-  
aries are his winter magazines; that the miller  
is his acting partner, the purveyor, his steward,  
the cook, his cook; that the cat is his ally, not like the dog, nor like  
the horse and ass, his slave, nor like the pony  
who are to "come and be killed"; when  
Mrs. Bond invites them; but as his enemy,  
a bold borderer, Johnny Armstrong or Rob  
Roy who acknowledges no right of property  
in others—who lives by spoil.

Wherever man goes the rat follows, or

accompanies him. Town or country is equally

agreeable to him. He enters your house  
as a tenant at will, (known, not yours,) works  
out for himself a covered way in your walls,  
ascends by it from one story to another, and  
leaving you the larger apartments, takes  
possession of the space between floor and  
ceiling, as an entrepot for himself. There he  
has his party revels, galloping (merry, if they are,) when you would be asleep if it  
were not for the spirit with which the youth  
of ratland keep up the ball over your head,  
and you are more fortunate than most of your  
neighbors if he does not prepare for himself  
a mausoleum behind your chimney-piece, or  
under your heart-stone, retire into it when  
he is about to die, and very soon afford you  
full proof that though he may have lived like  
a hermit, his relics are not in the odor of  
sanctity. You have the additional comfort  
of knowing that the spot appropriated will  
henceforth be used either as a common cemetery  
or a family vault. In this respect, as in many others, nearer approaches are made  
to inferior creatures than are dreamed of in  
our philosophy.

The adventurous merchant ships a cargo

for some distant point; the rat goes with it.

Great Britain plants a colony in Botany Bay;

Van Dieman's Land, or at the Swan River;

the rat takes the opportunity of colonizing also.

Ships are sent upon a voyage of discov-

ery; rat embarks as a volunteer. He  
doubled the stormy capes with Diaz, arrived

at Malabar in the first European vessel with

Gama, discovered the New World with Colu-

umbus, and took possession of it at the same

time, and circumnavigated the globe with

Magellan and with Drake and with Cook.

A SIGHT MISTAKE.—Jim Ward was a

conductor on the eastern division of the

New York Central Railroad, running daily

between Utica and Albany. Ward had

been in the employ of the Central Railroad

for a long period of years, and is one of the

oldest conductors in the country. Invari-

ably attentive to the ladies, he always man-

aged to make himself a favorite with the

fair sex who accompanied the train under his

direction. The Buffalo Republic relates

the following anecdote of what happened to

Jim, because he didn't know a male from a

female baby:

A short time since, when a train, under

his direction, was on its way east from Citi-

ca, one of those interesting incidents occur-

red on board the train which adds to the

visible number of passengers, but scarcely

ever improve the profits of the trip. Ward,

as soon as he discovered the condition of

the lady, hustled about, and with the train

running forty miles an hour, fixed up a por-

tion of the express car and had her conve-

nient thereto. A physician by the name of

Boucher was on the train; his services were

immediately put in requisition, and, in a

short time, Ward had the pleasure of an-

nouncing to his anxious passengers that the

mother and babe were "doing as well as

could be expected under the circumstances."

The mother was a poor woman, and as

soon as it became known, Ward went round

with a hat, and in a short time a hand-some

purse was collected, and with it the con-

siderable sum of money which the woman

had been saving.

It was Ward's rebirth.

They will long remember Jim Ward.

They will long remember Jim Ward.

Marching to the sea.

The foragers ranged like pigeons

I, through fields and woods ;

The birds of all kinds regale,

Poured in and swelled the legions,

For they caught the marching food,

# The Quincy Union.

San Francisco Agency.  
J. J. KNOWLTON & Co., L. P. FISHER, THOS.  
BOYCE, and W. M. BLAKE are the only authorized  
agents for the Union in San Francisco.

Sacramento Agency.  
E. K. PHIPPS is our duly authorized agent  
Sacramento.

QUINCY, PLUMAS CO., CAL.  
SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1866.

## TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE!  
TWO PAPERS A YEAR FOR FIVE  
DOLLARS!!

WE propose after this date, until further notice is given, to furnish each subscriber, who pays Five Dollars cash, in advance, for the QUINCY UNION, with a copy, for One Year, of THE AMERICAN STATESMAN and HOME JOURNAL, a newspaper published in New York city.

It is a Family Journal, National in Politics, Independent in Religion, and full of News.—Agriculture, Horticulture, Polite Literature, Poetry, Humor, Wit and General Intelligence. It is a first-rate Home paper, published weekly, and is now in its 13th volume.

Remember, every subscriber, who pays us in advance for One Year's subscription to the Union, will thereby receive, in addition, a copy of THE AMERICAN STATESMAN, for one year.

Quincy, March 3, 1866.

A MISTAKE.—We find the following in the Oakland News. The question is, what became of the missing \$1,846 40:

LIEUT. WANTED.—Mr. Huff, who acted as treasurer of the Alameda Co. Branch of the United States Sanitary Commission, from 1862 to 1864, has called our attention to the final report of the State Branch, recently published, showing the total amounts subscribed by California during the time the Sanitary Commission was in operation.—An important error appears in this report, which, in justice to the people of Alameda county, requires a prompt correction. Mr. Huff, on the 10th of November, 1863, paid over to Mr. Otis, who was then treasurer of the Sanitary Fund, at San Francisco, exactly \$9,192 35 in gold coin, which is after converting something like \$1,500 in greenbacks into coin, for which Mr. H. holds the receipts of Mr. Otis. The published statement credits Mr. H. with having paid on that day only \$7,885 95, thus leaving a discrepancy of \$1,846 40 to be accounted for.

We trust that Mr. Sneath will lose no time in having a proper explanation made to the people of Alameda, who are anxious to receive all the credit they deserve.

ENCOUNTER WITH A ROBBER.—Pat Brogan, says the Nevada Gazette, who keeps a store at Forest Springs, was in Grass Valley on Monday, where he received some money, and started home on horseback early in the evening. While riding along a footpath jumped into the road in front of the horse and attempted to catch the thief. The animal gave a jump which threw Brogan off, and at the same time wheeling and giving the robber a kick in the breast which laid him out. Brogan was somewhat stunned by the fall, but soon recovered and started for home, leaving the robber lying unconscious on the ground. He was fearful the robber had confederates in the vicinity, and lost no time in getting out of the way.

SEWARD.—The Californian gives the Marysville Appeal the following advice:

The Brutus of the Appeal is undoubtedly an honorable man, but while arraigning the gray-haired old statesman for a grievous fault, he should remember how grievously he has answered it by years of wearing toil in the public service, to say nothing of the knife of the assassin, which so nearly closed his career while stretched upon a bed of sickness. It can scarcely be denied that Mr. Seward is entitled to some consideration, and we apprehend that if popular judgment be suspended for a while, the policy which he dictates will be vindicated in the light of subsequent events.

THE MINER.—We have received the prospectus of a new California magazine, which will soon be issued under the auspices of the Mining Bureau Association. As its name indicates, it will be devoted to the mining interests of the State. It will be furnished at \$3 00 per annum. If the Secretary of the Association, who forwarded the circular, had not addressed it to "the Argus, Quincy," which paper has been defunct for "lo, these many years," we might, perhaps, have been more predisposed in favor of "The Miner."

THE PRESIDENT.—The Golden Era, in speaking of the Sacramento Union's attack upon the President, says:

Had he proved the pliant tool of Sumner, Wade & Co. we should have heard no more of the President's habits. He would have been a good enough President if he had been radical enough. If instead of trying to restore the Union to peace and harmony, he had ruled the South by the right of a conqueror, the nation would have been troubled with no more sensational stories of his being a confirmed libertine.

CABINET APPOINTMENT FOR THE PACIFIC.—A Washington dispatch, of February 27th, says the Pacific delegation waited on the President last Saturday, to urge the claims of the Pacific coast for a Cabinet appointment. The President received them courteously, but said he did not know of any vacancy to be filled. He made no promise more definite than that the application would be duly considered.

PENTAX.—The Fenian trials are still in progress in Dublin. In the case of Byrne, the Warden at the Richmond prison, charged with aiding the escape of Stephens, the jury, after some hours' deliberation, could not agree upon a verdict, and were discharged.

SENATOR STEWART, of Nevada, has our thanks for copies of speeches, &c.

## THE PRESIDENT'S POLICY.

There are many who have faithfully and consistently acted with the Union party from the date of its organization up to the present time, and who, with what ability they possessed, sustained the Government in its efforts to conduct the war to a successful issue, put down the rebellion, vindicate the laws, sustain the Constitution, perpetuate that Union which was established by the fathers and founders of our Government, hoping, thereby, to be able to transmit to posterity, unimpaired, the blessings of constitutional liberty. They joined and sustained the party for these purposes, and for these only. They thought, and justly, too, that it was the bounden duty of every true patriot in the land to aid in strengthening the pillars of the Temple of Liberty—that sublime structure erected by the founders of our great, glorious and free republic.

They were Union in sentiment, as well as in name. They are the same to-day, and in taking their stand in favor of Andrew Johnson's policy, as foreshadowed in his speech of the 22d of February last, they may, and doubtless will, be compelled to differ with the radical element in the Union party. If such is the case, we doubt not that they can as easily cut loose from that organization as they did from their former political associations, when the voice of patriotism demanded they should do so.

The Union party has accomplished the object we all had in view—the suppression of the rebellion—and if now, under the leadership of such insane fanatics as Jim McCarthy, Sheriff of Sacramento county, and his situation under the "advisement" of the Supreme Court. Well, the Supreme Court has "advised theron," and the greenback champion is now held for contempt of the Senate. Whether the charge of his against the "seven subsidized scoundrels" in the Senate be true or false, can make but little show in this arbitrary act of the Senate. They have, under this decision of the Supreme Court, taken new jurisdiction and new powers. They have, now an undoubted right to act as a "committing Criminal Court" as well as a branch of the Legislature, to "enact" criminal laws.

It is well that the contempt a great many feel for that august body is not made tangible in language, else hold the victims who would suffer for their "contempt" of this "corporate Justice of the Peace."

I have not always liked the course that McCarthy has pursued, but I give him credit for bold dog tenacity and ferocity in making his "fights;" and I pity those Senators who voted to hold him for contempt, when the new "Court" adjourns—which it will in 120 days from the first Monday of December last.

Well, the new Union party held a grand Johnsonian banquet, and it was pleasant to hear Jim Crofford, J. C. Goods, Goodwin, of Plumas, and other like good and loyal men, hold forth on the blessings to result from the return of His Excellency, President Johnson, to the straight and narrow Democratic path, after "sloughing round" in the disgraceful guise of a renegade, a boorish tailor, &c. &c. for four or five years.

Adversely, the false, treasonable, radical class, under the lead of such fanatics as Senators Cole and Conness, Gov. Low, B. B. Redding, Higby, Bidwell, McCullough, &c. held a meeting of "fasting and prayer;" but there was a Cromwellian savor about their petitions, to the unsanctified, sounded much like the prayer of the "poetical Feinian," who wished for

## (Correspondence)

### LETTER FROM SACRAMENTO.

SAC. CITY, March 1, 1866.  
DEAR UNION.—My last letter left "the McCarthy" under the kind care of Jim McCleatchy, Sheriff of Sacramento county, and his situation under the "advisement" of the Supreme Court. Well, the Supreme Court has "advised theron," and the greenback champion is now held for contempt of the Senate. Whether the charge of his against the "seven subsidized scoundrels" in the Senate be true or false, can make but little show in this arbitrary act of the Senate. They have, under this decision of the Supreme Court, taken new jurisdiction and new powers. They have, now an undoubted right to act as a "committing Criminal Court" as well as a branch of the Legislature, to "enact" criminal laws.

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"A tongue to curse the slave  
Who e'er treason like a with'ning blight,  
Comes o'er the counsels of the brave,  
To dash them in their hour of might."

If this split between Johnson and the party grows to an open rupture, it will result in two radical organizations, as of old—only more so.

The Legislature is working along smoothly. Nearly every fellow has found his groove, and all appear to be determined to get through with the "legitimate," and ready to go home when the constitutional term shall arrive.

It was much amused at the recent passage in the Assembly, on the resolutions endorsing Connex and Congress, and the substitute endorsing Johnson. Holden, of course, started off; but he is a broad-sword, and Goodwin is a rapiere; and when it comes to the real work, Holden gives way to Goodwin. Old War-horse Chamberlain, of San Joaquin, mounted his steed and laid about him like he meant it, hitting telling licks at the Cops, and then at such Union men as Wilcox, who fears some one will call him an "Abolitionist."

I have a curious budget of "reminiscences" and conceits about this present honor able body; but since they have secured their "enlarged powers," I fear to give them, for fear they will debate the correspondent of the QUINCY UNION, his usual seat in the galleries, under the operation of the "suspension of the writ." But so soon as they adjourn, I shall give to the world the facts thus obtained, and show that more legislation is done in San Francisco, than at the Capitol.

Truly,

DOUBLE BEE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Quincy, March 3, 1866.

ED. UNION.—It seems by an article in the Orovile Union, that some one has discovered that the road to Quincy and Indian Valley via Bidwell's Bar, is the shortest and best route to those points and Honey Lake, and, consequently, to the Humboldt. The most surprising part of it is, that they have discovered the fact so soon, when there are many of us here that made that discovery fifteen years ago. Any one that has ever been over the route from Quincy to Orovile, will agree in saying that there is no road, of any great length, in the mountains, that has a better, if not good, natural route.

When the Quincy and Indian Valley Road is completed, and also, the road to Honey Lake, Orovile will be what Marysville has been—the point through which everything to and from this vast extent of country must pass. If the citizens of Orovile, as well as of Quincy, and those situated near this route, will see to their interests, as well as that of the traveling public, the day is not far distant when this will be the route to all this Northern and North-Eastern country. The inexhaustible copper mines of this section will require—if not a railroad—one of the very best of wagon roads; and this is certainly the route for the present. In time, we may require a road down one of the streams below the snow line; but that will be a costly affair,—and capital, outside of this country, will be required to build it.

Our county could hardly lend her credit

to better advantage than in aiding in the completion of this road. One thing, at least,

is certain—until we are in better connection with the world by telegraph and a good road, we will not be leading country to our rich mineral and other resources entitle us to be. We can hardly expect the necessary amount of capital to be invested in working the many paying quartz and copper ledges until there are good roads for the easy transportation of the heavy machinery that will be required. Every person

will say, Yes we need good roads; by all means, let us have them. But most of them

remind me of the man that got stuck in the mud with his cart, and went to praying;

but he found that it required pushing as

well as praying. And that is just what it requires to build roads.

PLUMAS.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON has been offered a

splendid carriage and horses by New York

merchants, as a gift, which he declined to

accept.

MUCH BLUSTER.—It is not only lamentable, says the San Mateo Gazette, but disgraceful to witness the course pursued by several newspapers in this State that claim to be Union papers, in their outrageous attacks upon President Johnson. What has the President done that should call down upon his devoted head such harsh vilification and abuse, from such papers as the Sacramento Union, Stockton Independent, Flag, and others of less consequence? We confess our inability, or inclination, to construe the act of vetoing the "Freedmen's Bureau Bill" into anything that has the glimmering of treason in it. We are not fully apprised of every feature of the Bill, but when it is considered that the President's position is sustained by such unquestionable patriots and Statesmen as W. H. Seward, Thurlow Weed, Chase, and others of that stamp, we are willing to endorse the action of the President, without waiting to see whether the act is popular or not. Neither do we consider it necessary to wait and see whether it is acceptable, or obnoxious to the democrats, or repudiate a principle because endorsed by democrats. Public journals that allow such motives to shape their course, and influence them in taking sides upon important issues, should have but little influence. The only reasons we have seen so far, for the scandalous abuse of the President by the papers referred to appears to be from the simple fact, that Democrats are jubilant over the veto, and at the stand taken by the President against fanatics and radicals of every hue.

The President simply exercised a Constitutional prerogative, that has been exercised in various instances by preceding Presidents, without the cry of treason, being sounded throughout the land against the Chief Magistrate.

We believe in the fullest protection by law to the emancipated negroes, but for one, we are not yet willing that they shall be maintained at the public expense.

We don't believe in the Government establishing free restaurants, and free lunches for indolent negroes, nor white men, in every county and town in the United States, to be carried on at the expense of this now, wretched country. It won't pay, and President Johnson knows it probably as well as anybody, and we believe the great mass of the people will stand by the President, even if they do have to stand by the side of the Democrats. For once we think the Democrats are right, and all loyal men should rejoice in the fact, that they are coming to their senses after eight years hostility to the National Administration. Future developments may prove our present views erroneous, but with the light we are already in possession of, we would not feel justified in deciding that the President is wrong, and Thaddeus Stevens and Benjamin Wade are right. The fact is—in common parlance,—"We don't go a cent on em." The whole course of Andrew Johnson during the fearful struggle through which the country has fought its way to victory over treason and traitors, gives the lie to a charge of treason or suspicion of a want of fidelity to the Nation's welfare.

Let the people stand by the President and they need no fears of the result. When Seward—the master Statesman of the age—deserts him, it will then be time for the people to array themselves against the Chief Executive of our country.

At the late convention of colored people held at Augusta, Ga., resolutions were adopted opposing universal suffrage, but favoring the voting of such colored men as can read and write well, with the addition of the proper qualifications; that all vices and crimes among freedmen should be disengaged; that the Freedmen's Bureau should compel negroes to work, and make contracts, if they refused to do so voluntarily; that Southern property should not be confiscated; and condemning the proposition that the Southern States are practically

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republics.

We believe in the fullest protection by law to the emancipated negroes, but for one, we are not yet willing that they shall be maintained at the public expense.

We don't believe in the Government establishing free restaurants, and free lunches for indolent negroes, nor white men, in every county and town in the United States, to be carried on at the expense of this now, wretched country. It won't pay, and President Johnson knows it probably as well as anybody, and we believe the great mass of the people will stand by the President, even if they do have to stand by the side of the Democrats. For once we think the Democrats are right, and all loyal men should rejoice in the fact, that they are coming to their senses after eight years hostility to the National Administration. Future developments may prove our present views erroneous, but with the light we are already in possession of, we would not feel justified in deciding that the President is wrong, and Thaddeus Stevens and Benjamin Wade are right. The fact is—in common parlance,—"We don't go a cent on em." The whole course of Andrew Johnson during the fearful struggle through which the country has fought its way to victory over treason and traitors, gives the lie to a charge of treason or suspicion of a want of fidelity to the Nation's welfare.

Let the people stand by the President and they need no fears of the result. When Seward—the master Statesman of the age—deserts him, it will then be time for the people to array themselves against the Chief Executive of our country.

At the late convention of colored people held at Augusta, Ga., resolutions were adopted opposing universal suffrage, but favoring the voting of such colored men as can read and write well, with the addition of the proper qualifications; that all vices and crimes among freedmen should be disengaged; that the Freedmen's Bureau should compel negroes to work, and make contracts, if they refused to do so voluntarily; that Southern property should not be confiscated; and condemning the proposition that the Southern States are practically



# The Quincy Union.

PHANTASY.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

I asked of Echo, tother day,  
(Whose words are few and often funny)  
What, to a novice, she could say,  
Of courtship, love and matrimony?

Quoth Echo, plainly, "Matter o'money."

When should I marry—should it be—  
A dashing damsel, gay and pert—  
A pattern of inconstancy;

Or self-scarcely flirt?

Quoth Echo, sharply, "Nary flirt."

What if, weary of the strife—

That long hath lured the gay deceiver—

She promised to amend her life,

And sin no more; can I believe her?

Quoth Echo, with decision, "Leave her!"

But if some maiden with a heart,

On me should venture to bestow it,

Pray should I act the wiser part?

To take the treasure or forego it?

Quoth Echo, very promptly, "Go it."

But what if, seemingly afraid

To bind her faith in Hymen's tether,

She vow she means to die a maid,

In answer to my loving letter?

Quoth Echo, rather coolly, "Let her."

What if, in spite of her disdain,

I find my heart entwined about

With Cupid's dear, delicious chain,

So cheery that I can't get out?

Quoth Echo, laughingly, "Get out."

But if some maid, with beauty brest,

As pure and fair as Heaven can make her,

Will share my labor and my rest,

Till envious death shall overtake her?

Quoth Echo, seto roce, "Take her."

**HEAVY ON STERRIT.**—The business of the Court, in one of the frontier Territories was drawing to a close, when one morning a rough sort of a customer was arraigned on a charge of stealing. After the clerk had read the indictment to him, he put the question to him: "Guilty, or not guilty?"

"Guilty, but drunk, your honor," answered the prisoner.

"What's the plea?" asked the Judge, half dozing on the bench.

"He pleads guilty, but says he was drunk," replied the clerk.

"What's the case?"

"May it please your honor," said the prosecuting attorney, "the man is regularly indicted for stealing a large sum of money from the Columbia Hotel."

"He is, hey? and pleads—"

"He pleads guilty, but drunk."

The Judge was now thoroughly aroused.

"Guilty, but drunk; this is a most extraordinary plea. Young man, are you certain you were drunk?"

"Yes sir."

"Where did you get your liquor?"

"At Sterrit's."

"Did you get none anywhere else?"

"Not a drop, sir."

"You got drunk on his liquor, and after ward stole the money!"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Prosecutor," said the Judge, "do me the favor to enter in that man's case a *nolle prosequi*. The liquor at Sterrit's is enough to make a man do anything dirty; I got drunk on it myself, the other day, and stole all of Sterrit's spoons. Release the prisoner, Mr. Sheriff. Adjourn the Court."

**SNAKES VS. TOADS.**—In the village of K., West Virginia, lives an old man known as Uncle Paul, noted for his eccentricities and fondness for natural history. Quite a crowd had collected at the post office, waiting anxiously for the war news. Uncle Paul entertained the crowd by telling the old cat story, how they fought till nothing was left of them but the tips of their tails &c. A rough-looking specimen of humanity from the country, seemed to drink in every word the old man said about the cats. To be even with him, he repeated:

"Why, Uncle Paul, that's a pretty good story, but it's nothing to what I saw yesterday. I was coming down the mountain, and saw near a little brook, a water-snake trying to swallow a toad."

"All right, nothing strange about that," replied Uncle Paul. "Just read the Natural History, and it will tell you water-snakes live on toads."

"Yes, maybe it will," said the country man; "but you see, the snake when I first saw it, had the toad's hind legs in its mouth, and the toad squirmed around till it got the snake's tail in its mouth, and in less than a minute they swallowed each other, so you couldn't see a sign of either of them."

All enjoyed the joke, except Uncle Paul, who left home, saying that it was a lie, and there was nothing like it in *Natural History*.

A YOUNG LADY of wealthy parentage, a fledgling from one of our fashionable boarding schools, a type of modern elegance, was recently united by the silken bond of matrimony, to a gem of a beat. The mama and papas on both sides being surrounded by all the concomitants of luxury, and many agreeable paraphernalia bespeaking the possession of the "dust," determined to get a "fine establishment" for the young couple, and accordingly they were fixed in a mansion on Walnut street.

A few days after this, a school companion of our heroine called upon her, and was surprised to find so many servants about the house.

"Why, Mary," said she, "what in the name of sense have you so many servants about you for?"

"Ah!" replied madam, "we haven't any more than we want. There is but one cook, one chambermaid, two housemaids, one housekeeper, and—a child's nurse. I'm sure there are none too many."

"Ha! ha!" laughed her friend, "what do you want with a child's nurse? Oh! that is too funny."

"Well, we haven't any immediate use for her, but then, when we were married Charles said we would want one, and you know it is not always best to leave things until the last moment."

"An' said monsieur to his friend Saffin, my sweet heart, have given me the mention."

"Indeed, how did that happen?"

"Well, I thought I must go to make her one visit before I leave town, so I step in the side of the room and dare I behold her beautiful, palest, stretched out on view."

"A lounge, you mean."

"Yes, yes, you lounge. And den I make von vere polita branche, and—"

"You meant a polite bow?"

"Ah, yes, you lounge. And den I say I were sure she be rotten, if I did not come to see her before I—"

"I am on den what?"

"I said she would be rotten if—"

"That's enough, you have put your foot in it to be sure."

"I put my foot out of it, for she says she would call her big brother, and kick me out, begar. I had intended to say mortified, but I could not think of de word, and mortify and rot is not the same as you in my dictionnaire."

## Advertisements.

### MOORE AT THE Post Office,

Has for sale the following Goods:

CANDIES,

NUTS,

RAISINS, FIGS,  
DRIED PEACHES, CITRON,  
DRIED APPLES,  
DRIED CURRANTS,  
HONEY IN THE COMB,  
JELLIES, JAMS,  
AND OYSTERS,

A No. 1 HAVANA CIGARS,  
CABLE TOBACCO,  
COMMON TOBACCO,  
KILLICKNICK TOBACCO,  
FOREST ROSE TOBACCO,  
PIPES AND SNUFF.

Also a very large assortment of  
POCKET KNIVES,  
RAZORS,  
STRAPS AND BRUSHES,  
TOYS,  
PORT MONAIRES,  
PENS, INK  
AND PAPER,  
ENVELOPES,  
TIME BOOKS,  
AND DIARIES

### Drugs and Medicines.

Consisting in part of  
Sarsaparillas,

Expectorants, Balsams,

Liniments, Ointments, Salts,

Powders, Castor Oil, Eye Water,

Pain Killer, Pills (all kinds),

Mrs. Winslow's Syrup,

Spalding's Glue,

&c. &c.

Together with a general assortment of  
Toilet and Fancy Articles.

### QUINCY BREWERY.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING PURCHASED

of Mr. Akerman his well known and long es-

tablished Brewery in this place, respectfully in-

forms the people of Plumas and the adjoining coun-

ties that they will keep on hand a constant supply of

Lager Beer

Of the best quality. For sale by the Keg or Bottle

NESENM & SCHLATTER.

Quince, Jan. 27, 1862.

### CORSON & TRASK,

### House, Sign & Carriage Painters,

Main Street,

Taylorville,

PLUMAS COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

### Orders Solicited.

364f

### RATES OF LEGAL ADVERTISING.

The following Tariff of charges for Legal Advertis-

ing will, in all cases, be strictly adhered to in this office:

SUMMONS—District Court, 3 months—\$2.00

..... weeks—each \$1.00

Justice's, 3 months—\$2.00

..... weeks—each \$1.00

SHERIFF'S SALE—4 weeks—\$2.00

..... weeks—each \$1.00

CONSTABLE'S SALE—3 weeks—\$1.50

..... weeks—each \$0.50

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE—3 weeks—\$1.50

..... weeks—each \$0.50

SOLE TRADER NOTICE—4 weeks—\$1.50

..... weeks—each \$0.50

LIEU-HOLDER NOTICE—3 weeks—\$1.00

..... weeks—each \$0.50

DISSOLUTION NOTICE—4 weeks—\$1.00

..... weeks—each \$0.50

NOTICE TO CREDITORS—County Court—4 weeks—\$1.00

Probate Court—3 months—\$2.00

..... weeks—each \$1.00

ESTRAY NOTICE—2 weeks, 1 square—\$1.50

..... weeks—each \$0.50

All legal advertisements containing more than a dozen lines per square, minon.) will be charged extra.

No affidavit of publication will be made out until the fees for advertising are paid.

### NEW STAGE LINE.

### HO! FOR SUSANVILLE!

SPLENDID FOUR HORSE COACH, LEAVES

Oroville every Sunday Morning, at 7 o'clock

A. M., via Magalia and Humbug Valley, and arrives at Susanville, on the following Tuesday, at 6 o'clock, P. M.

Coach leave Susanville and Taylorville every

Wednesday morning at 7 o'clock, A. M., and ar-

rive Oroville every Friday evening, at 6 o'clock

P. M., at Humbug Valley, Coaches leave direct

for Greenville, Crescent Mills and Taylorville.

31-3m ALLEN J. WOOD, Prop'r.

### McQUINN & COMPTON,

### Dealers in

### GENERAL MERCHANDISE

ROUN VALLEY, PLUMAS CO., CAL.

CHECKS DRAWN ON MARYSVILLE.

Round Valley, May 11th, 1863.

24-1f H. C. BIDWELL,

Wholesale & Retail Dealer in

### GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

### Provisions, Liquors, &c.

GREENVILLE, PLUMAS CO., CAL.

24-1m

THOMAS HUGHES,